


1994

Words and Images 1994

University of Southern Maine

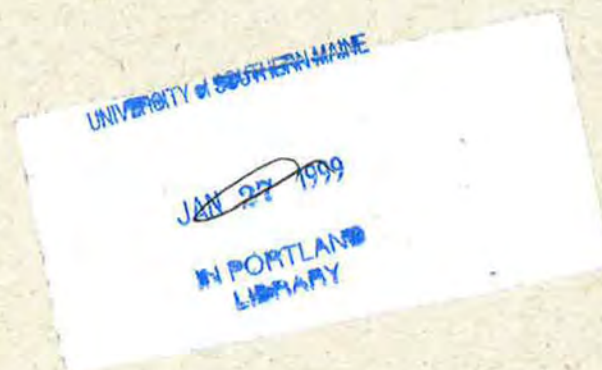
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University of Southern Maine's
Student Magazine 1994

\$2.50

April 1994

Dear Patron,

The Review: Words and Images has returned for another year to support and promote the arts. When my predecessor turned this over to me, I thought, "What now, the possibilities are frightening." So I sat down and started with a checklist:

Macintosh computer	yes
Student Activity Fees	yes
NEA grant	no
Possibility of ending up in Don Wildmon's hands	1%
Fear	no
Copy of First Amendment	yes
Staff	on occasion
Submissions	yes

I looked at this list and thought, "No NEA grant, no chance of reprisal, there's nothing I can't do." Fortunately, my Board of Directors was far more sensible or sane than I.

What you now hold is a much safer version than exists in my artist's sordid mind. Throughout this issue you will find a seemingly endless array of brickwork designs. This design is more than an aesthetic border, it is the walls that we build to define our existence. Like art and literature, it says we are here and we have something monumental to say...

Special thanks to those who made this possible (you know who you are). I hope you enjoy this year's issue.

Sincerely,

Griffin
M. Griffin Kane
Publishing Director

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THE REVIEW
words and images

Publishing Director
M. Griffin Kane

Staff
(Titles fail to define their
limitless abilities.)

Michelle L. Kane

Lee A. Middlekauff

Shonna L. Milliken

With special appreciation to
Laura Lee
Fitzgerald

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Though *The Review* attempts to present all work as submitted, it does maintain the right to edit material as deemed necessary.

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Full color..

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Editor's choice

This designation is awarded to one submission in each of five categories; including, short story, poem, photography, drawing, and print. This recognition notes those submissions selected by the Review's Executive Board as having merit and are thus worthy of special attention.

The Editor's Choices for the April 1994 issue are as follows:

DRAWING/PAINTING

Untitled
by Betty L. Roker

PRINT

Untitled
by Andrea Twigg

POEM

Mr. Jones
by Adam Stockman

PHOTOGRAPH

Columns
by Bertelle Brooking

SHORT STORY

Legs
by Jennifer Allen

Those contributors whose work is selected as the Editor's Choice will receive a certificate of recognition and a small honorarium.

All contributors whose work is used within the magazine receive a complimentary issue as compensation for use of their submission.



Untitled

Betty L. Roker

Legs by Jennifer Allen

Grace Mary Frances Breathe.

Legs.

That's what I called her. I always told her that her name was too long, and so were her legs. Then she'd always wrinkle her nose and stick out her tongue and make fun of my short legs. She once told me that the reason her name was so long was because her parents couldn't decide what to name her. I teased her about this when she told me. That was before I found out that both her parents were dead. They had been killed in a plane crash as they were flying over Cairo. Egypt was where they had spent their honeymoon; they had been saving up all of the money from their tax returns to go on that trip. Her father had even taken a second job. The plane had crashed almost as soon as it had left the ground. Legs had never known her parents. She had been born two weeks after their wedding, and two weeks after that, her parents had left for Egypt. Legs learned all of this from her crazy old aunt, who had been taking care of her when the plane crashed. Her aunt, being Legs' only surviving relative, was appointed her legal guardian, so Legs moved in with her and next door to me. That's how I met her.

Legs used to swear that she remembered her mother leaning over the bars of her crib when she was a baby and

telling her stories. Every time she said this, I told her that I didn't believe her. Then she would grab my hand and say, "Blue," (my real name is Walter, but she always said the name was too big for me - she called me Blue because the first time she ever saw me I happened to have been soaked through with linen bluing), she'd say, "Blue, I want you to sit down and listen to the story that my mama told me when I was a little girl." I always listened to her stories, but I never believed that they came from her mother. They came from Legs. I knew this because the stories she told were beautiful, just like her. But I never told her that I knew. Even then I knew why Legs was so serious about making me believe the thing about her mother - because if I believed it, it would be easier for her to believe.

The story I liked best was the one about the trees. She said that her mama had told her that trees were actually people, people that had just gotten tired of living. That when people got sick of being people, they'd decide to become trees. That's why there are so many trees, she explained - and she would always point to the trees in the yard when she explained this - because all those people just got tired. She said that sometimes, if you were really quiet, you could hear them talking. The first time Legs told me this story, I must have given her a strange look at this point, because she had sighed and explained that trees didn't talk like us, in words, that it was different. She said that you just had to listen harder. That trees talk in whispers and the wind teaches

them how to whisper. And that every time the leaves fall off, or the sap runs, or the branches creak, the tree is trying to tell you something.

I wanted to believe this, I think I did for a long time. I do know that I started paying a lot more attention to the trees after that. Especially the red maple next to the driveway in her aunt's backyard. This is where Legs and I grew up. It was the biggest tree either of us had ever seen. It swallowed up our two houses into its shadow, and its roots were gathered in thick ropes at the foot of its trunk. Because there wasn't enough room underneath the ground to hold them all, Legs had said. We spent most of our childhood up there in the boughs of that tree. All the roots that peeked through the ground were bare and white, and the bark had been entirely scraped off one branch near the bottom of the trunk from the hundreds of times our feet had used it as a step to reach the next branch. The first time Legs brought me up there, it had been early morning and we stayed up there until dusk, when it got too cold to sit any longer. We always sat in the same place, about halfway up the tree (because that's as far as we'd ever been able to climb) at the place where the three massive boughs converged. It was there I had first heard the story of the trees. It was there I learned pain.

"Blue, did I ever tell you about Mama's hair?"

"No."

"Well, it was brown," Legs began, "and it hung right down to her waist, and when the light

shone on it, it would turn red."

As she spoke, I listened and I watched her. She had long hair too. It tumbled over her shoulders in tangled auburn cables. It always smelled sweet, like the tall wheat grasses she was always wandering through. Although her skin was pale, her cheeks were always flushed with sunburn or excitement. Through the ruddiness, I could see the scar under her eye that she had gotten from falling off her bicycle, so she had said.

Legs continued, "When she leaned over me, her hair used to fall down next to me, and I used to hold it in my hands. I remember it felt like a blanket, it was so warm and soft. And it tickled my nose. And her face - it was beautiful, so young and smooth, no lines. You've never seen prettier eyes either. They were blue, as blue as the label on that bottle of laundry bluing."

Legs stopped talking.

I hoped she would continue, but the silence between us began to grow like the tension of a held breath. I stared at her. Her face was quiet and void of expression. Her hair was blown gently toward me by the wind, and I smelled wheat. Feeling the impending need to fidget, I seized the nearest leaf and plucked it from its branch. I felt Legs shift suddenly as if I had torn the leaf from her body rather than from the tree.

Still, the relentless silence.

I nervously started to pull the leaf apart, slowly separating its veins from its body. Feeling

Legs shift again, I looked up. She was staring at my hands. I saw her eyes waver for a moment, then she began to cry softly. I looked down and saw the pieces of the leaf I had torn apart falling slowly through my fingers.

Legs' aunt screeched from the back doorstep of the house then, and Legs began to nervously wipe the tears from her cheeks. Before I could ask her anything, she jumped out of the tree. As soon as she hit the ground, she ran for the house. All I could do was listen to the door shut behind her and watch the pieces of the leaf blow away in the wind. When they had all disappeared, I looked up and noticed that the sun was already setting. The day was gone. A chill moved through me, and I thought about my mother and father. I thought about them just getting home from work as the sun was going down. My father would be sitting in front of the television set by now, probably just popping the tab off his first can of beer. My mother would be taking her shoes off by the front door and calling my name. And when there was no answer, she would shrug her shoulders. She wouldn't call for me again. She would heat up the leftovers for her and my father and leave a note on the table saying what there was for me to eat when I got home. Then she would leave. She always left. Every night after supper was over. She would say how nice it was to come home to her family and sit down to supper with us. She said once that it was the most important thing to her in the world. Then she would kiss me, whisper something to my father, and leave. And I wouldn't see her until the

next afternoon, when the sun would just be starting to set.

I remember asking my father once where she went. He had looked up from the television set and into my eyes. And he'd stared. He stared so hard, I'd thought for sure that he would be able to see the wall behind me by looking through my eyes. I had stood there for a minute, feeling the weight of his stare upon me, until I'd realized there was nothing behind his eyes. Not knowing what to do, I had slipped from his gaze, sliding around the corner into the kitchen. When I'd peeked around a few minutes later, my father was still staring at the place where I had been standing, the place where my eyes had been.

The sky was completely dark now. I thought about going home. I thought about asking my father to read me a story so I could sleep tonight. About how he would stagger into my bedroom and pat me on the head as I gave him the book of fairy tales to read. About how he would try to be a good father and read to his son and how he would fall asleep in the chair beside my bed before he'd finished the story. How I would get up in the morning and he would be gone. Sitting here in the shadows of this tree, I could almost hear how silent the house would be tomorrow.



Woodcut 93

Julie B. Hansen



Daisies

Bertelle Brooking



Natural Abstract #2

Linda Dillingham

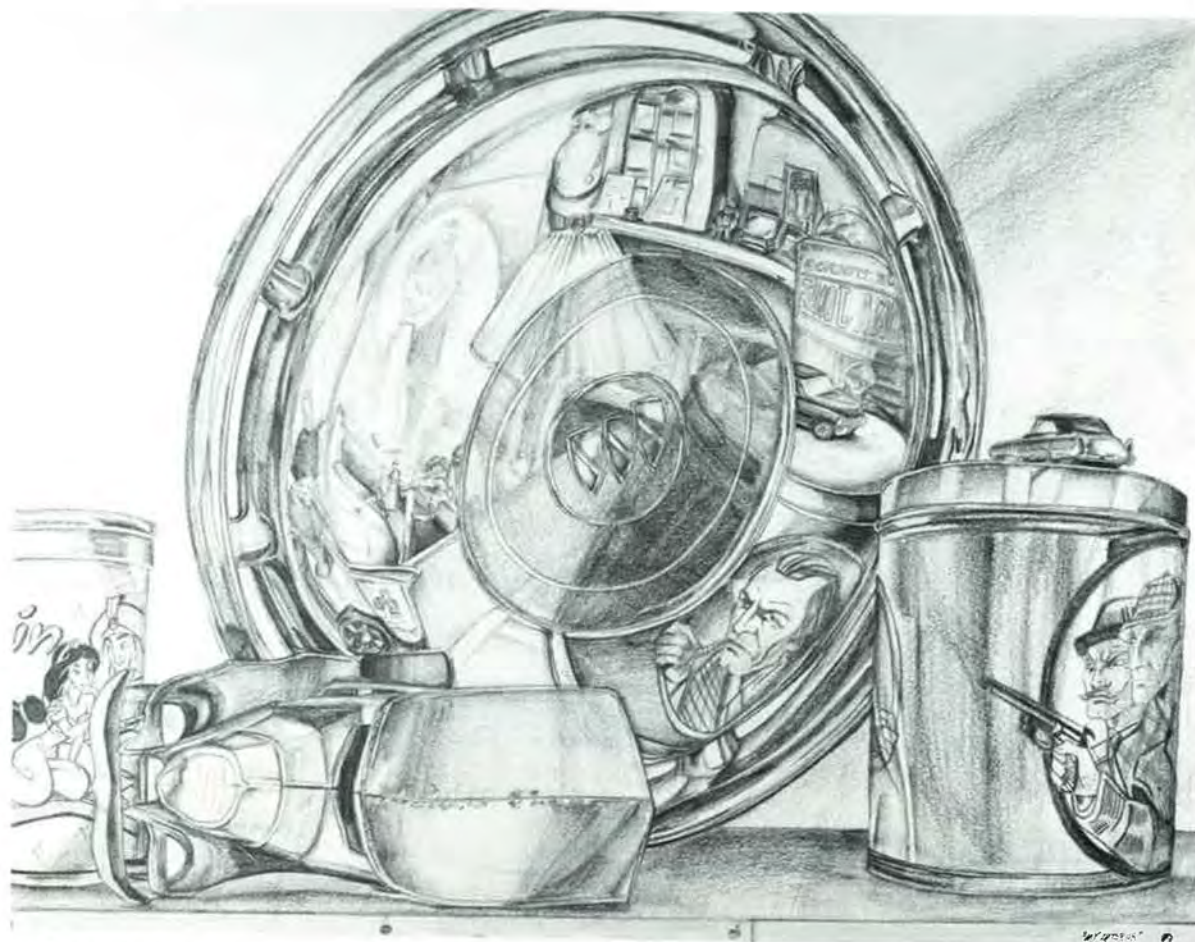
Dinosaur Bones and the Morning Queen

by Andy Heggeman

*The feeling of safety looms in the hallway,
winds howl by the window at the end
and dinosaur bones linger in the passing clouds
going wherever the storms will send.
Dark, black, undistinguishable sun glows
through the walkways, deserted streams
The buildings protecting their sleeping young
sheltered in their dreary dreams.
Rain is dropped over the mountains
the window frame captures this scene
Blessed morning in her earlier hours
accepts her position crowned Queen.
Her courtyard is trumpeted by herald gales
Her subjects awake to the call
of her messengers, the hurried clouds
calling for silence to descend upon all.
Hushed, they lay at the feet of their beds
awaiting the authority of her final word
from the storms that echo in the halls of outside
before calm morning is finally heard.*

A Coffee Whimsy by Rod Farmer

*A coffee for my right eye
before breakfast, a coffee
for my left eye with cereal,
a third cup for my personality,
a fourth for my writing
endeavors, morning being in
The Time of Coffee.*



My Interior

Lee A. Middlekauff

The Review: Words and Images, 1994



Columns

Bertelle Brooking

The Review: Words and Images, 1994



In Winter

Tama Silverstein Louden

*A Pondering Oracle of Love
To Trish and Warren: September 26, 1993*

by Michael Jonathan Boardman

*I Remember
a life bigger than today,
one of invention,
of green, glassy senses
yearning for places to hide, to be free.
A calming, womb-like center for our soul to be.*

*We were molds;
partially grown, half-filled figures
of emotion and imagination.
We wanted to be like
John Boy, Bugs Bunny, or Donny and Marie.
Remember (we thought)
true learning
was not a Mr. Herlihy history class,
but a gym class, study breaks, the school bus, and the cafe.*

*Lifelong skills, wrought like an anvil
from the flights of
infatuation, chivalric promises and mushy love notes,
first kisses, slow dances,
of shyness, coyness, rumor or truth.
It was always,
"Tell me what she said, or does he like me; is she pretty?"
It was our life's breath of innocence, of whim and fancy.*

*It was a time when we didn't want to be
our mom and dad—
marriage was a suit on a thin metal hanger,
binding, hanging, flimsy, flat.*

*Painful reminders—
going to a job and living a life
like the pants your great aunt gave you,
the ones you thought you'd never wear.
The semi-static of the radio alarm,
your bare feet on a cold floor,
a leaking faucet,
a lukewarm shower,
a sagging bed—
an empty refrigerator.*

*It is that puncture of the first, fearful, lonely instant
that grabs you in a quiet moment,
or pinning you in a crowded lobby
deafening whimpers of gray thoughts and solemn
talk.
They were steps into a rut of repeating trepidation
the passionate, sudden, desirous need,
of life and death.*

*Only once,
before you're too old,
until it's too late—
to receive a gentle word,
an attentive ear,
a tender glance,*

*a loving touch.
It is this moment,
a murky, cobwebbed door
is opened,
filled with vulnerable shadows
of another self,
of what could be,
and loneliness with its only key.*

*Lying on a couch too short,
eating cold popcorn,
drinking warm beer,
Love's triumph
arrives time and again
in revelations, easy to achieve
within the blacks, blues, and grays
of midnight movies.*

*But brilliant new mornings
bring hope of fresh days,
of new lives—
blooming within the unseen pleasures of
fender benders,
church auctions,
wedding receptions,
dating services,
and math classes.
Fate steers you there.*

*It is the fragile beginning
of clever caresses,*

isolated stares,
tittering excitements
like soft falling leaves on a red autumn day.
It is a penciled interest ripening
on the branch of indelible love.
It is this feeling, the sensation
that severs night's deep thickness and isolation—
a new exploration awakens in lightened contours,
pigments and
shades.

It is this whack on the virgin door
that opens a new beginning.
Inside, illumined by a soft golden light
an ivory tablecloth lies beneath
covered platters,
scents of wine and bearnaise,
desserts on silver plates.
Through the window you see the world
through whispers and prayers,
dreams—
two souls,
two hearts.

And far in the distance is a large emerald sea—
two rocks,
one round, the other squared,
one with moss, the other bare.
Submerged by the tides,
dried in the sun,
side by side they abide each day.

Despite bottomless thoughts
of remembrance,
contemplations of life's illusions,
the great key,
the only key,
is love—
togetherness—

Despite faults,
luggage of experience,
or shapeless differences,
whether each day is half full or half empty,
your life should well up and cascade with eternal
faith,
tenderness, acceptance, and love.

As the world changes—
never submerge to divergent tides.
Avoid the roads of detachment and complacency.
Walk together
talk together
love each other.
Run from the confused path
to an open place—
an unlonely place
and be free together.

The Taking of the Grass by Tim Hogan

*You who stand tall,
named Timothy and Rye and Kentucky and Crab.
Lined in pickets, guarding the trench,
holding the hill against encroachment
by erosive enemies.*

*Tops to seed.....
Now the enemy watches and waits.
Thick from the earth your army grows,
and watches and waits.
Croats against Ghengis Khan, Davids of the soil.*

*The murderous trespassers charge!
A roar of engines and a clank of beaters,
mowing through moats of roadside ditches
and ranks of phototropic comrades.
Rooted to place through fear and devotion
and biologic necessity,
Down fall Timothy and Rye and Kentucky and
Crab.*

*Smears of green blood moisten the scythe.
Stalks and pieces crimped
in a manor of Prussian perfection.
Mowers engorged on Witch and spewing cut Clover
in neat ranks of windrow soldiers.
Scooped and beaten into elongated cubes*

*that rival Frank Lloyd Wright's
perfectly perpendicular lines or Patten's
legion of tanks crossing the Rhine.*

*Silence...
Dusk is near.
The roar and chop cease.
Slaughter is vivid and brings to mind
an errant tornado.
The day's battle has laid to waste
nature's flaxen knights.*

*Morning!
The dew lies shiny on empty husks,
watering the skeletons of chaff.
Scavengers of battle claw and pick and drag
a macabre portage of botanic carrion
to their hovels in the earth,
spreading seed to the wind.
Children of the fallen warriors,
whose names were Timothy and Rye and Kentucky
and Crab.*



Frogs

Debra Cluff

Goya by J.A. Pollard

Goya had his fantasies.
 You know him? Goya?
 Painter to the Spanish King
 The ponderous and simple-minded Carlos
 and his whorish queen
 from Italy?
 Manuel Godoy?
 and Pepa Tudo, green-eyed
 and lascivious?
 And the infanta married to the bull, Godoy,
 observing life through horror-stricken eyes?
 The dukes? The duchesses?
 Ah! Surely you have heard of her,
 the one called Alba of the
 naked portrait
 and the undefinable white countenance!
 You must have heard of some of them
 though they're long gone,
 the Majos and the Mahas
 and the inquisition like a smog
 insinuating into everything.
 The names of Saragossa and Madrid.
 Goya had his fantasies.
 Owl-eyed
 bat-winged
 and overpowering.

*I have my shrill caprichos too.
 Grey faces everywhere!
 Afloat! Asleep! In wait! Expiring!
 Each day a nightmare
 with those faces shrieking round my head,
 each hour filled with fast activity,
 but any moment lost to contemplation
 overflowing with those animals.
 A laugh, a sneer, so close, so near,
 so lingering.
 But I am formed of harsher stuff
 than superstition and the Catholic church
 could paste together out of human-hood,
 And Reason and Reality and Rest
 soon dissipate those faces from my bed
 and from my Art
 Destroyed by Rationality.*

*Yet as I lie here
 in between the shadowed pillars
 that divide this room from that,
 Across the foyer and along the hall,
 they wait for me
 nicked in the curtains,
 hiding in the wall.
 I feel, if I but let the bars down,
 in they'll come,
 my sweeping horde of critics
 called my friends.
 The censors for this brief Humanity.*



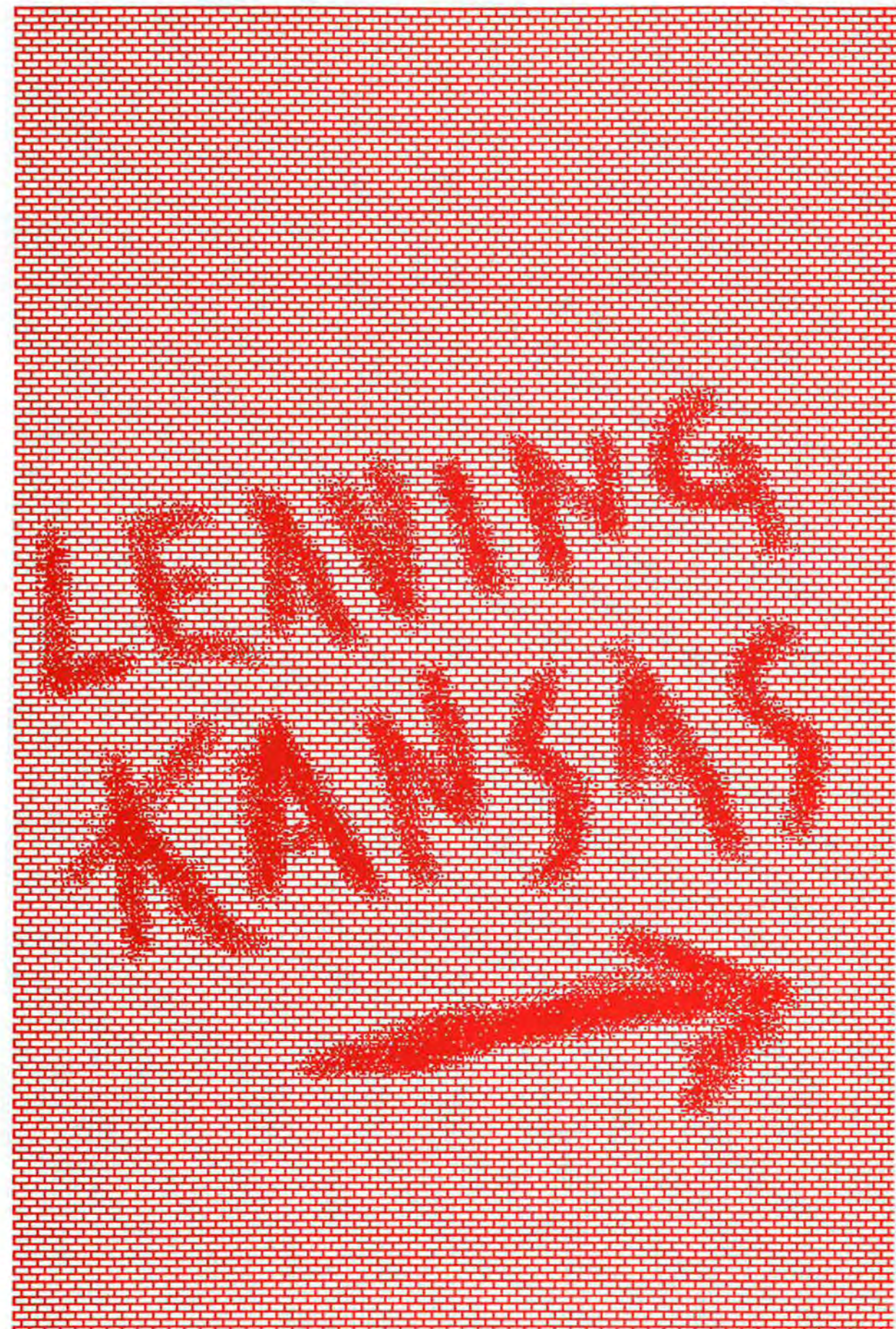
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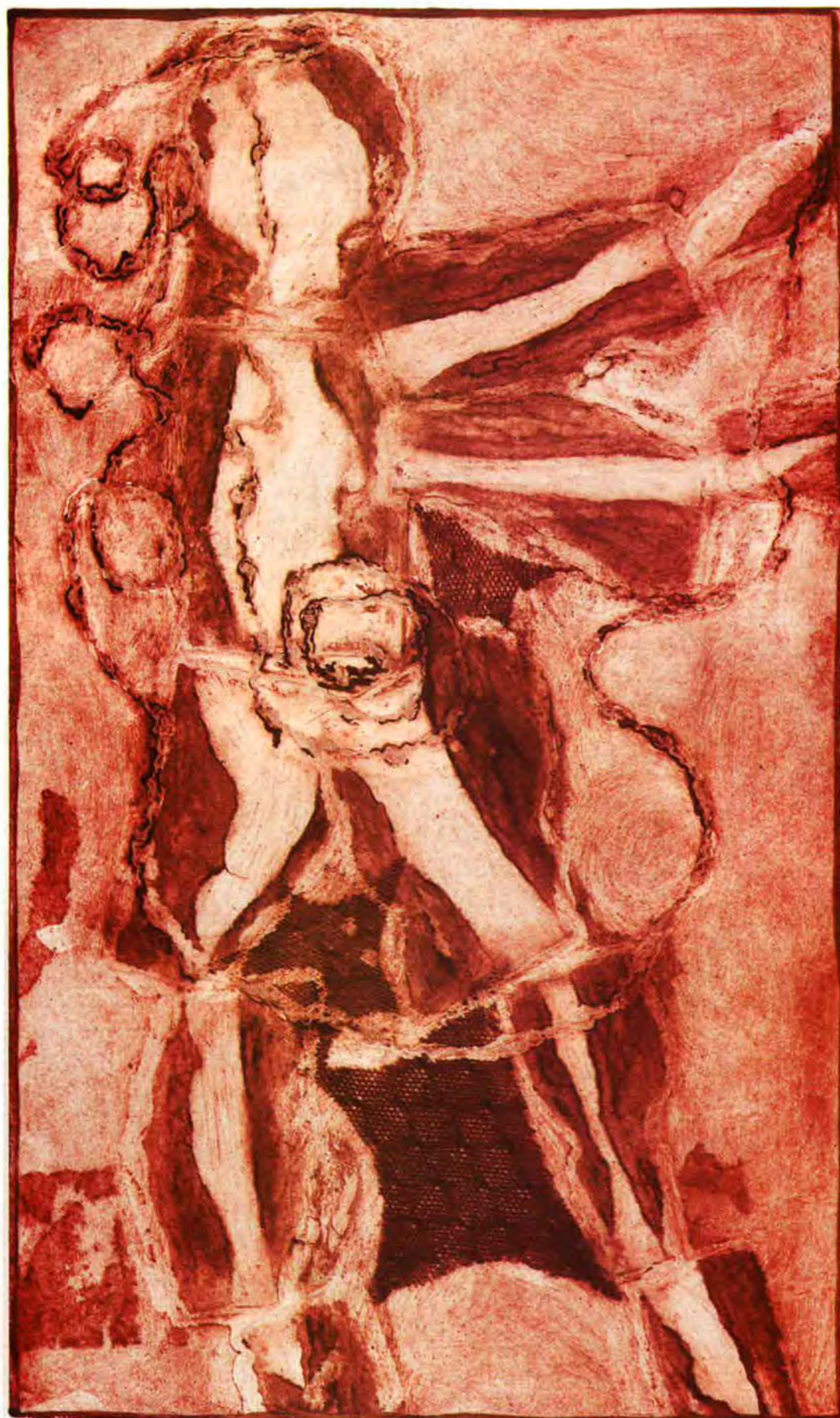
Mary Meldrum



Estrangement

M. Griffin Kane





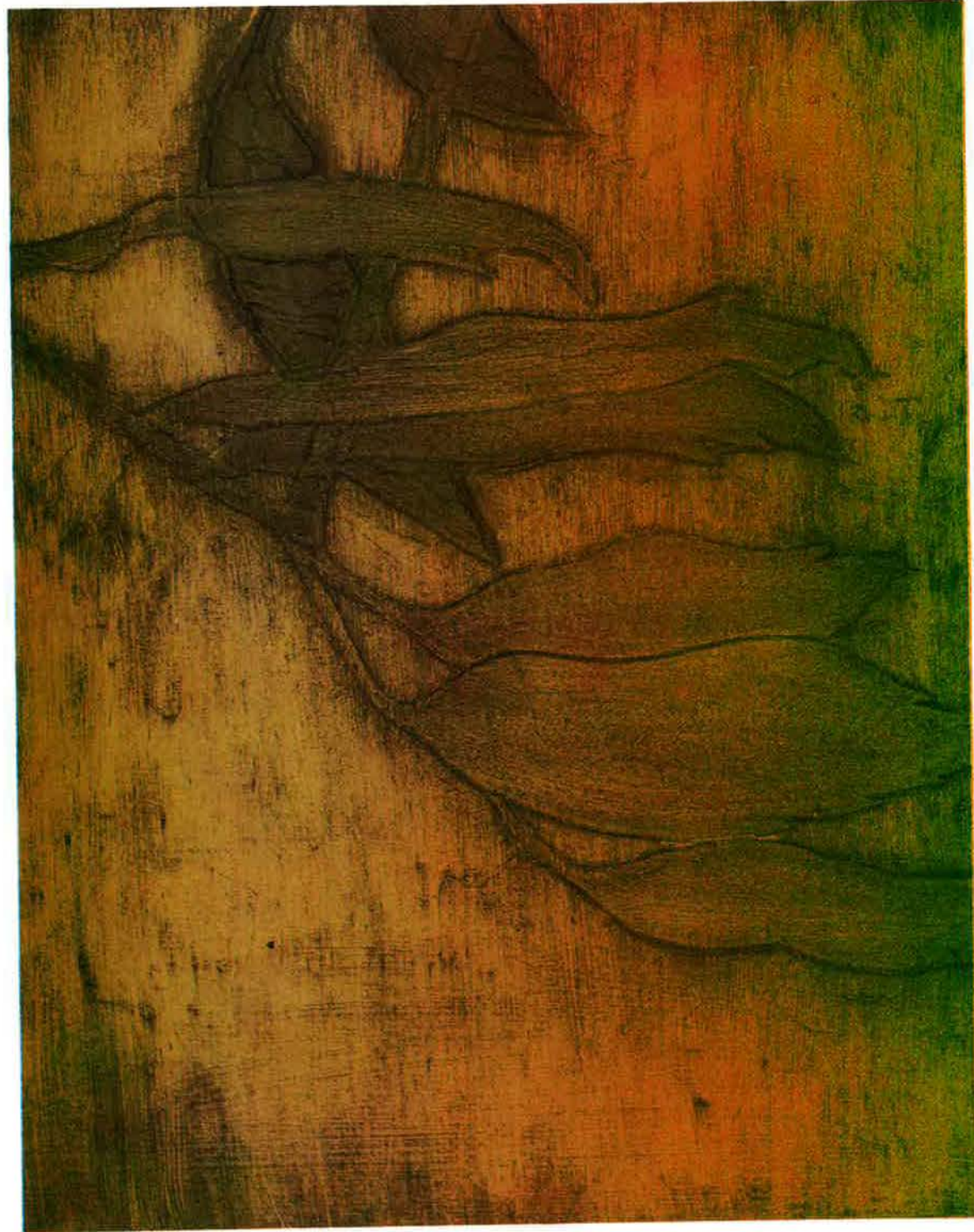
Chakra Energy

Bertelle Brooking



Red Cabbage

Janice Boutshot



Suzanne Pendleton



Atelier

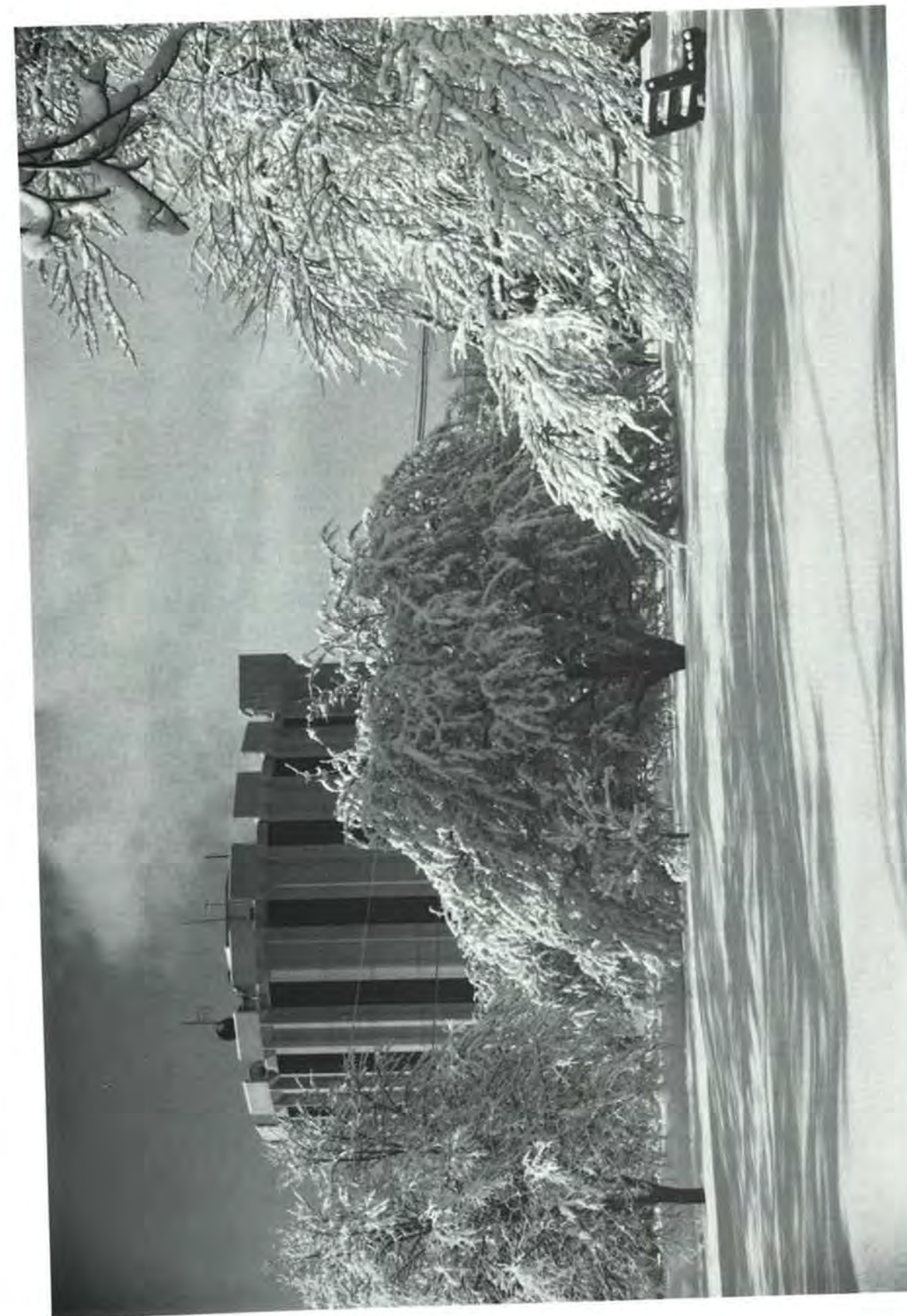
Jennifer Goss-Godsoe

BRAIN FOOD

**Casco Bay
Weekly**

Greater Portland's
Weekly Journal of News,
Arts and Opinion.

Chiaroscuro



Allen Echiverrri

11

Prelude to Marriage, or My Love Story

by Shonna L. Milliken

"Busted flat in Baton Rouge..oh yeah..waiting for a train.. badadada....I could feel the nearest faded...something...something jeans...mmhmm." One final cream rinse, another chorus of Janis, and then the shower turned off. The happy drips of steam on the mirror echoed her happy, drippy mood. She got the really wet parts with a towel and let her matted, green bathrobe catch the rest. After wringing out her washcloth, she watched it slide off the rod and back into the tub. She let it sit there. Stuart wasn't like that. Stuart would dry himself off methodically with a towel, starting at his neck - thoroughly rubbing circles until he finished with between his toes, always folding, wringing, and wiping.

"It takes too long," she would say.

"You splash puddles all over the floor," Stuart answered evenly.

And since she couldn't argue with that logic, conversation ended.

Breakfast was simple this morning - English muffins and jelly, hers with butter.

"It tastes good," she would say.

"It isn't good for you." Not condescending. Not manipulative. Not even disgusted. Just straight, and even, and - right. That was Stuart.

"Oh oink, oink on you." She stuck out her tongue and took a great big greasy, toasty bite.

"You are silly." But at least he smiled this time.

No other job could have suited Stuart better than a computer analyst. Steady income, growth potential, advancement. A small apartment on the up and up side of town. An 87 Mazda in the driveway - that was his. Leather seats and an alarm system. It was a good life.

There was also an '82 Honda in the driveway, a hatchback - hers. Its left side was still pretty mangled from an accident the year before. The mirror had broken off, the gas gauge was smashed, and the steering wheel was duct taped together. Soda had been spilled so much that there was always a peculiar smell. Maybe it was just the crumpled McDonald's bags and moldy crusts of quarter pounders. Anyway, she was used to the smell. It was her own. The odometer read 180,000 miles. "And counting," she would brag.

"You could get a new car," Stuart used to say.

"I'd like to see yours at 180,000 miles," she defended. She had learned to drive in that car. That car had taught her about mechanics and maintenance, about responsibility, and that something reliable should be held onto. No, she wasn't a flighty one, out for good looks and speed. Something dependable would suit her just fine. A picture of Stuart flashed across her brain. She shook it away.

"What movie would you like to see tonight?" Stuart was flipping through the morning paper, front page first, then stocks, then movies. Every Friday Stuart picked her up after class. They would have sandwiches at Elio's and then catch a 7:20 movie. Sometimes they would walk downtown. And then it was home. Sex, talk, *Nightly News* with Dan Rather, and then sleep.

"Maybe we could drive up to Freeport tonight instead?" She chewed and poured herself some Pepsi.

Stuart looked at her over his glasses. "Do you need to buy anything?"

"No."

And that was that. With one little word, the conversation was over. It was stupid to drive all the way up there for no reason. She knew that.

"I don't care about what movie. Why don't we just decide when we get there?" She picked up a comb and began untangling at the table.

Again over the glasses, "Do you think that's a good idea?" He put his paper down. "The reason I ask is that there is usually a long, crowded line."

Since she did not feel like arguing with something that made sense, she flipped her hair into a clip, got up, and tracked wet feet into the bedroom.

"You decide. I've got to get ready for class."

Stuart finished his coffee and mopped up her puddles.

It was an all day studio class. Art and poetry, some fiction. Her forte was romance and the Gothic tales that went with it. She loved it, but today she was mashing clay in her favorite jeans, feeling the clay harden under her nails. Sometimes she would paint, sometimes she would write. As long as the professor had an assignment in each medium, she would get her four credits. Today it was clay.

She thought about her jeans, about getting dressed this morning. She had straightened Stuart's tie. She'd been in her underwear at the time, pulling on her jeans, painted favorites that were more hole than denim. They hadn't been washed in a month. As she was zipping, Stuart hugged from behind.

"Do you think that my hips are too big?" She scrutinized the mirror.

"If you want to tone up, you can use my Gym card."

"Stuart, that's not what I asked."

He turned her to face him. "How do you feel about yourself?"

"I feel okay." She hesitated and watched her reflection turn sideways. "Yeah, I feel pretty good, not petite, but I'm certainly not huge either."

"Then I think you look great, too. As long as you feel good about yourself. That's what's important." He smiled at her reflection, and saw her scowl. "You sure are pretty this morning." He kissed her neck and traced his hand on her leg. The hole in her jeans made his fingers feel that much more exciting.

She smiled, was about to thank him when he said, "Maybe we can get you some jeans tonight, if you really need to go to Freeport. Those ones are getting pretty ratty."

Suddenly offended, she had faced him. "How dare you? I can't stand it when you do that." Throwing her hairbrush for emphasis, she continued, "I hate that you need everything so damn perfect. What the hell's wrong with my jeans? If you think I'm fat, then tell me. If you don't like my jeans, just say so. But not in that stupid slow voice. I hate that. You make me feel like I'm a goddamn child sometimes." She paused for a breath. Her voice was escalating, and she caught a look at herself in the mirror. Half dressed, her chest bare and pulsing - and screeching about stuff that other women would probably kill to have in a man. Even tempered, logical, thoughtful men. She felt pretty silly.

"You sound pretty silly" Stuart looked down at her. "Do you want to talk about this?" He lifted her chin.

She stomped her foot. "No dammit I DON'T want to talk about this, I want to yell and scream about it until I get some kind of opinion or emotion out of you!"

"Okay," said Stuart, sitting down and folding his arms.

"Fuck you." She threw on a sweater, grabbed her bag, and slammed the door.

Now she was pounding clay and wondering what Stuart was thinking.

"Hey you." It was Ethan, and she looked up. Ethan was a fellow student. Long hair with glasses. Not the kind that Stuart wore; these were kind of roundish, kind of Lennonish. He hadn't shaven.

"What's up?" she paused a moment from her clay.

"You just looked a little down, so I decided to spread some cheer. Have a bagel." He handed her a bakery bag.

"Oh, thanks, but I'm ok. It was a rough morning."

"Hey, it happens. Want to talk?"

Yes, yes, yes, she thought. Talk to me while we lie naked in a field somewhere. Talk to me after a long ride on your Harley. Whisper in my ear with that sexy little overbite. Let's ride bikes and be earthy together.

"No, I guess I'm okay. But thanks." She looked up at him. His shorts were dirty, and tight. His legs were hairy, but a golden kind of hairy - light and fluffy. She wondered if it was soft. She also wondered if he had little tiny spears of hair poking out of his back like Stuart had.

"If it bothers you, you can pluck them." Stuart had meant it as a nice gesture, but the thought of plucking someone else's back made her sick. "No, that's okay," she had said.

"What 'cha makin'?" Ethan squatted beside her. From her vantage point, she could see that the fluffy, golden fleece - where the hell did that come from? she mused - melted up his inner thigh. Ethan's shorts were torn, and she noticed that he wore red boxers. Stuart chose only white Hanes. "Tighty whities," she joked, snapping the waist band, and promptly bought him a pair of blue silk shorts. He'd worn them once. "They're a lot of extra hand washables. And the dye runs." Again, she couldn't argue.

"Oh, I'm just playing," she said. Playing with the idea of leaving Mr. Logicalm Perfect Man and throwing myself at a grub like you to have your way with me here on the studio floor.

"Yeah, well, it's looking good." Ethan always had something nice to say about everything. Happy-go-lucky

was a good description. He smelled like toothpaste and fresh cut grass. An intoxicating combination when the wind blew in through the window. She'd been told that he was a real ladies man. Not the settle down type though, because she knew he had a son. Rumor had it that the girl had tricked him into a baby, hoping it would keep him. It was a story line right out of *Passion's Flower*, the latest piece of her trash that Stuart had managed to recycle in her absence. He didn't like those stories or the *Enquirer* rag that she always bought on her day to do the groceries.

"It's unimportant and useless. Do you really want to know who Prince Charles is sleeping with right now?"

"You mean it's not Diana?" In all seriousness, she had snatched the paper from his hands.

She could imagine making romance book love with Ethan. What was wrong with heaving breasts and pulsing bodies against thundering waterfalls? She wanted to heave and quiver and pulse at the sight of his throbbing manhood, but right now she couldn't help but imagine what Ethan would say when a woman questioned the size of her thighs. She hoped that he'd lie.

"Thanks. Hey, how's your little boy?" Wrong question - at least from the way Ethan's eyes shot open. Too intimate. She kicked herself inwardly. He stood up, pushing a waft of air between them. It was meant as a barrier, but it just made his smell more intense.

"Doing real good. Growing up fast. Hey, look, I really got to get going on this project, okay? I'll leave the bagels for you to eat later - okey doke?"

"No problem. Take care." She started to scrape the clay from her nails. Deciding it was a lost cause, she went

back to her pounding. Stuart did the dishes last night, cleaned up the cat puke, and took out the trash. He always brought her a treat on Saturdays. She smiled when she remembered that on Valentine's Day, he had cut banana slices into heart shapes for her cereal. She figured that throwing out six of her newest trashy romance novels wasn't that big a deal, at least it was nothing to complain about. Stuart would never beat her. He didn't drink or smoke. He was literate. He was employed. And he was faithful. Faithful like a dog, she smiled, and remembered last New Year's Eve party.

Lydia was hanging all over him. Lydia was married, and poor Stuart, who had no clue, kept right on talking. He didn't even see her open the next button on her blouse and trace fingers down her throat. He just kept talking about whatever. Woody Allen, she guessed it was. It was only when Lydia put the smooth rope of pearls into her mouth and began to flick her tongue unmercifully that Stuart blushed and fidgeted.

No, she couldn't say that she was unsatisfied, because she wasn't unsatisfied. The alternatives were people like Ethan - people who hang around as long as things are good and then they split. But at the same time, when something stops being fun, a person should stop doing it. She would never let her characters, Gypsy and Barnardo, argue about which way the toilet paper should hang on the roll. It was too bad that nobody wrote a romance about real life. She laughed at her oxymoron.

As she splatted more clay on the table, she began to think that it wasn't so bad to be like Ethan, only staying as long as things went smoothly. At least he didn't torture himself trying to be perfect. But that was annoying, too. Someone who just sat there passive and sluggish with no goals would also piss her off. She wondered what to do.

She'd probably become a virgin recluse, living alone on an island far into the horizon of the fiery sun, just like where she'd left Gypsy in the last scene of her story, right after Barnardo's ship had been unmercifully sunk by the enemy pirates. She guessed not. She wasn't a virgin, and she didn't have a flowing mane of titian hair. She didn't even like sandy islands. Neither did Stuart, but for different reasons. Stuart thought that a rocky coast was more ecologically stable; she hated getting sand in her butt.

She cut the clay in half, molding a big shapely nothing. She liked Stuart. She really did. And their lifestyle is what she wanted - eventually, like when she was fifty. At twenty-two, and seven credits shy of a degree, she wanted to skip and play. She wanted to write raunchy novels and tell Stuart to go piss up a rope when he suggested she grow up.

"He makes good money," her mother had said, as if that fact was the golden nugget of good husbandry.

Not that she would stay with anybody just for financial stability, but it was nice to know that with Stuart, she could play a little longer. Maybe.

Before she knew it, her clay had dried out, and she was the only person left in the darkening studio. While she washed her tools, she was whistling, and then her whistling broke into words, "I'd trade all.....something, something.....for one single yesterday..... mmmhmmmm.....to be holding Bobby's body next to mine..... badada...." The words became inspiration, and she dropped her tools into the can. Picking up a pencil, she wrote, "Gypsy saw Barnardo's unbridled passion when she hung the T.P. properly on the spindle. His face promised wondrous delights right there on the bathroom rug....."

She doubted that Stuart would go for it.



Untitled

Betty L. Roker

The Grange by C.H. Heald

*Rain feathered lightly off rusty
faded roof tops
A city of strangers set in common
ground
And the backdrop of humanity
belays their weary souls
No keeper, no closing blinds
Just fragile specks of reality
sewn into a slipping tide.*



Ballet Line

Susan Gorman

Night Songs on the Hill

by Sharon Junken

The streets, lined with scrawny trees, are edged with sidewalks of red brown brick. It is early evening on the Hill, just after sunset. The evening pulls people out of airless houses to stroll babies in flimsy plastic and aluminum strollers. They take bags of soda bottles back to Colucci's, or haul pillowcases stuffed with laundry to Lilliana's. Some mothers even carry the kid and put the heavy stuff in the stroller.

A person is working regular when a taxi pulls up at the same time every day and honks. When the taxi stops coming, I figure the job is over. I see people push babies and ride in taxis and wonder what it's like in there inside those taxis, under the grey skin covering that set face behind the stroller, that face behind a paper bag of groceries, behind all these faces carrying the heaviness of never enough. The children pass me on the sidewalk peeling down the wrappers of green popcicles. Their eyes are listless, never meeting mine.

Coming home, it gets darker. The street lights haven't come on yet, but it is still light enough to see the muted outline of bricks in the sidewalk. A fog is pulling in. The fog horns in the bay, faint but present, call to each other, muffled in mist. Three little boys play in front of my house in the dusk. They're yelling and pretending as boys do. They'd never really admit to playing pretend, but do it anyway. The two neighbor boys are on bicycles and the third, a stranger kid, runs beside a boy on a bike with what looks, in the dim light, like an open hunting knife.

I stop in front of them yelling, "Is that a knife?"

This is all I can think to say. The stranger with the knife stops, and my neighbor on the bike makes his get-away, then wheels around and rides back. The stranger looks at the sidewalk.

"Is that your knife?" I say to the stranger.

"No, it's his," he says and points to the older neighbor boy without looking at me.

"No, it's my brother's," he says. "It's fake."

"Let me see it," I say, but the stranger kid gives it to the older neighbor boy who closes it and puts it in a leather case strapped on his waist under his thin cotton shorts.

"It isn't fake," I say, "take it in the house and give it to your dad."

"My dad said I could use it."

"Well, close it up, and don't ever ever run with it open." My voice gets shrill, "You could cut somebody."

"We weren't doing anything. We're just playing."

"But you can't run with it open. You might have an accident." I am really yelling now.

"Why are you yelling at me? It's not your knife."

The older brother pulls a toy police badge out of his pocket. "You see this badge? You see this? We're the police. My dad said we could use it. It's not your knife."

I try not to yell, "Well, you go ask the police then if they think it's OK to run on the sidewalk with an open knife. You ask them that."

He puts the badge in his pants waist. "Listen Old Lady, you can't tell me what to do."

Now the early dark has softened everything and the little boys leave me standing on the street. I climb the stairs and sit on the porch. Soon the older boys will come out. I remember one older boy who liked the night. He was fourteen, getting tall, skinny almost, standing in the frail light, staring into the haze of dusk, my little brother. That summer before they found him lying on the street, his dark, quiet blood puddling on the bricks. I remember asking him, "Leonard, what do you do at night? Where do you go?" He turned to me then and talked quietly, leaning on the rail.

"Yeah, in the dark, houses don't look so close, and you can see what people are doing inside, like maybe when the light from the TV makes the rooms and people's faces blue. They're sitting there in their blue rooms, you know, staring at their blue tube. Maybe they don't see you, so you can look pretty long. Sometimes they get up and move around. Yeah, sometimes they talk. If the porch light's on, you figure somebody's coming home, and then I stick around to see if anybody looks up from the tube, or maybe they'll just wave their blue hands and pull on their blue cigarettes. The night is good to me, see. I can do whatever I want and nobody can stop me. I can smoke if I want and nobody will say, you know, 'Don't do that. You wan'na die?' I like the streets a lot when it's night."

He sat down beside me on the steps. "My cigarette makes a red dot. I know because if I'm waiting for some guys, and they're walking toward me smoking, then I see their red dot coming, and I know they know where I am, because they see my red dot, too. That's how people find each other. We're just red dots to each other."

I remember that night they found him dead, the street was blue with red dots and dark.

I begin to think the kid's parents next door ought to know about the knife. If they think I'm meddling, what do I care? They don't know about Leonard. They haven't thought about knives in the dark in children's hands. I can hear my father telling Leonard, "Here, my son, is a knife. I can't give you a lot, but at least you have this. Someday, you'll need to know how to gut a fish or skin a bear. Someday, I'll take you fishing and hunting, but until then, you can practice on some old wood. Just don't cut nobody." I go next door and knock.

There's a yell to come in, so I do. The door isn't locked, because the kids run in and out all day. Standing in the doorway, I see a brown haired man whose deep brown eyes look just like the eyes of the kid with the knife. This is Dad. I've seen him getting out of the taxi with the kids. He and another man with a faded grey ponytail are sitting at the kitchen table with Mom, who's holding the baby. She looks up to see who it is, then goes back to watching the baby in her lap. She doesn't have her teeth in.

I look around, and everything is dusty, worn brown rugs, tattered upholstery, grey walls. Nobody has moved to get up, so I walk in a few steps. The guy I take to be Dad takes a long draw on his cigarette and leans back in his chair to face me. The other guy at the table just sizes me up, puffing his cigarette smiling, maybe thinking, now they've gone and done it. It is quiet.

I have trouble getting started, but this is for

Leonard, so I straighten my shoulders and address myself to the one I've guessed is Dad. "It may be none of my business, but, uh, your boys are playing with an open knife, and I, uh, think they just shouldn't be riding their bikes with it, chasing each other." He just looks at me. His eyes are brown puddles, cool, level. I feel invisible. "They could get cut or something. Your boy claims you gave the knife to him to play with, and you know, I didn't think, you know, it's something you'd...do." I stumble around because I know better than to scream, why the hell did you give your boys a sharp knife to play with, for godsakes?

Mom looks from the baby to Dad, and her lips move a little. I don't think any of us hears what she says, but as he starts to get up, he inclines his head to her slightly. After I finish my little speech, he stands and nods his head to me as he stubs out his cigarette. I've said all I dare say.

No one at the table has said anything, so I turn to leave. Then I panic. "Please, please..." The rest of the words won't come out. Dad seems to be following me out the door, to go with me out to the street and get the knife, so I turn, take a deep breath for Leonard, and say over my shoulder, "Don't punish them too hard, please, they're just boys, they don't know any better." I address the last part to the doorknob. When I look behind me, instead of following me, he's crossing the living room to the window. I look back at the mother. Her eyes are clear blue and blank. I walk out alone, closing the door. On the way back to my apartment, I hear him yell out the window, his voice harsh, booming solitary in the early dark, calling their names. The shadows of the boys ride away from his voice, down the street, pedaling hard.

Sometimes you've done all you can. That mother next door sits silent, hardly murmuring her discontent. And our mother didn't want Leonard to have the knife, but she never said no. She never said no to anything. After Leonard died, my father came home drunk sometimes, and then pulled my mother into their room. He would holler at her, but she never hollered back. Then it would be quiet for awhile. He would leave and go downtown. After I heard his heavy footsteps go down the stairs and the door slam behind him, I would hear her come out of their bedroom. One night I found her standing on the back porch, rubbing and rubbing her hands together.

I stood with her then silently on the back porch. She lit a cigarette, and we listened to the noises of the neighborhood, the dull thuds of car doors slamming, and somewhere on the other side of town a fire engine screamed.

I remember she said, "Someone is losing everything they have in the orange night, and I would give anything to lose everything, to lose it all." But nothing was burning in our neighborhood that night.

The wind quieted, and it was dark. I stood close to my mother on the back porch, too close, and she said softly, "Don't touch me, don't nobody touch me again." She did not cry. Her face was still young then, and I did not touch her until she was old, and our father was dead. I stepped away from her that night, and we stood listening.

She finished her cigarette and we went slowly back into the house. It was thick night, more silent inside than outside. Outside the fog horns sang. But inside nobody sang anymore, and we had forgotten the songs, even the

dull repetitive tuneless songs.

In the dining room, my mother went to the table, lightly touched the thin film of dust, stretched out a hand to wipe it away, then didn't, but instead sat down. She lit a match and touched a candle on the table. The room brightened. Paper napkins lay beside the candlesticks. She picked up a napkin and held it very close to the candle which flickered with the small draft she stirred. Movement. Light. I watched her as she held it nearer and nearer until her hand stopped shaking. I couldn't move. Then the flame steadied and her hand steadied. She put the napkin down, wiped some dust from the table. It gleamed gently, and she brushed a little more away. I saw her sitting there watching her reflection in the battered wood and wondered then why she had to sit silent at the dusty table in the deep night. When I was older, I asked her what stopped her from burning it all down around us, and she only said, "I thought of the sun. Tomorrow the sun always comes up. It was a good reason to wait to see it rise."

That night the closed room in my head echoed the moans of the two fog horns watching the ocean, calling to each other. I was watching my mother, nobody spoke, and I was dry and feeling exactly nothing except the silence of the night, a covering like dust, getting into ears and over hands and under skin until I was the dust that coated everything in our neighborhood, so dry, so dry. That night I wanted only to burn again, even with rage, even to hear myself scream through the dusty silence.

After my visit next door, I go to bed and listen to night songs on the hill. The fog horns guarding the bay call ah-oooh, ah-oooh. Then a taxi pulls up next door and honks. The job must be holding out. I feel the pulsing thump of a stereo in a passing car echoing under my ribs, and hear the beat, hollow against the red-brown bricks of the sidewalk. I wonder if the driver of the car knows the older boys on the corner. The knife must be somewhere, in the kid's pants pocket, no doubt, lying closed and harmless until the next bike ride. Silent Mother could take it away while he sleeps. If he takes it to school, a teacher might get it away from him, if she sees it, and I am drifting and drifting, listening to the rattle of plastic and aluminum strollers still out on the dry, dusty street.

Julia Coppinger by Julie Russell

Galway's green marked the home of my birth
and the town was a pretty bit poor,
so young in my years
with aspiring intent
the blue current carried me
toward America.

Six children I raised there
two daughters, four sons,
and three still remain to this day;
There's Edward and Charles, then sturdy Kathleen
who guards dusty relics
with love.

Two Jersey cows once grazed the land,
their rich milk the source
of sweet butter I churned.
Goats, hens, and chickens filled full the backyard
where apple trees stood until all were
cut down.

Surrounding the yard grew lone Japanese quince
and cherry tree red
framed morning window so bright—
Pink, red, and white were fair peony plants
that blossomed beside the back porch
in Spring.

To recite Irish poetry was one of my loves
Yet life's lot demanded I work,
so to bake and preserve as was taught in the first,
in the kitchen I'd spend most of my hours
for I never complained to do the Lord's will

I smiled.

Oh, I was the one who came looking for gold
and found it by following my heart,
I never returned to the thatched-roofed cottage
of my native country land,
I rest in a place where blessed souls go, and send forth to you
my spirit.



Untitled

Andrea Twigg



Maria

Raymond Cullins

My October Without a Car

by Judith Sands

*The corn is gone.
The earth overturned.
It is a woman's sagging old breasts.
Wrinkled, plowed,
brown nipples, dry.
Old woman who is quiet.
No milk in her.
But quiet.
Not silent.*

*My own breasts pain
with milky longings
as I lay my face in the dirt.
I smell the autumn coming and my
palms sweat, fingers
tremble, sobbing tears into cornless furrows.
Snot runs in streams.
I stretch my body long.
Cool October sun.
North air blows in and
traffic speeds along as I roll in the dirty fields.
The sagging wrinkled breasts.*

*The traffic speeds along.
They are going oriented to destinations.
But I have arrived here by foot.
I did not know that
this was where
I would be today.
I pay attention to the motion as
I move and never think
about arriving
and the furrows hold me deep and
the cars keep whizzing by
on the highway.
Keep driving by in windy paths.*

Janet by Adam Crocker

*In times gone past
I was a knight, you were my Lady,
I'd call you by the name you had.
But my memory is a bit shady,
I find myself thinking about you.
Hoping that I'll find you,
But you are not lost.
At least not knowingly.
I look around me and see all the lovers,
And I realize that I am lost.
You would only see a man.
If you ever looked at me.
Sometimes I will look at you and think,
If only you asked,
As one who discovers
That she is the center of the universe.
"Can this be true?
Is it really you?
Who spins the heavens through my soul?"
And I would say,
In the voice of my long frozen heart,
"Yes, for you I can do these things.
For you I can move the stars,
To spell out your name.
For you I shall create a universe,
To lay before you."
But, you do not look,*

*And you have not seen.
And yet I must go on waiting,
Waiting,
Waiting...
Waiting for our destinies to dance,
A celestial waltz
Without a lead partner,
Only two who follow.
This is what I am, Janet,
This is my Heart and Soul.
Yet you are the fire which guides my universe,
And keeps my soul ever cold.*

Mr. Jones by Adam Stockman

Mr. Jones, you're addicted,
I'm sorry to say,
You're in love with T.V.
And you can't stay away.
Don't be downhearted,
You aren't alone,
After all, there's a T.V.
In everyone's home.
The images grabbed you
And crowded your head:
Of dances, and chases,
And lovers in bed,
Of gunfights, and murders
Of cartoons, and war,
Of newscasts, and humor,
Commercials, and more.
You liked them too much
So now you can't stop,
You're addicted sir,
Whether you like it or not.
You're not wholly to blame,
You'd been raised on T.V.,
It was easier than reading
And kept your Mom free.
Besides, there are people
In Hollywood's pay
making sure that you're watching,

making sure that you stay.
They entice you with colors,
They catch you with lights,
They lure you with images,
Flashy and bright.
You pay for their houses
By watching their shows,
Their pools and their cars
And their ninety-foot boats.
So who is to blame
For this condition of yours?
To tell you the truth sir,
I'm not really sure.
After all, when you're bored
And there's nothing to do,
You can sit and relax there
in front of the tube.
Reading's no fun for you,
Writing's a chore,
Exercise hurts you,
And cleaning's a bore.
So you'll just stay addicted,
I know it sounds mean,
Your life will revolve
'Round that little square screen.
But don't be downhearted,
You aren't alone,
After all, there's a T.V.
In everyone's home.



Fences

Suzanne Pendleton

Who's who...

JENNIFER ALLEN is a senior at USM majoring in English. She lives in Jay, ME. She has also published in *Detonation of the Voice*. Her story is dedicated to Chris who has long legs and a big heart.

MICHAEL JONATHAN BOARDMAN majors in English at USM. One of his many interests is spending time reading books in the sun with his two dogs, Jane and Austin.

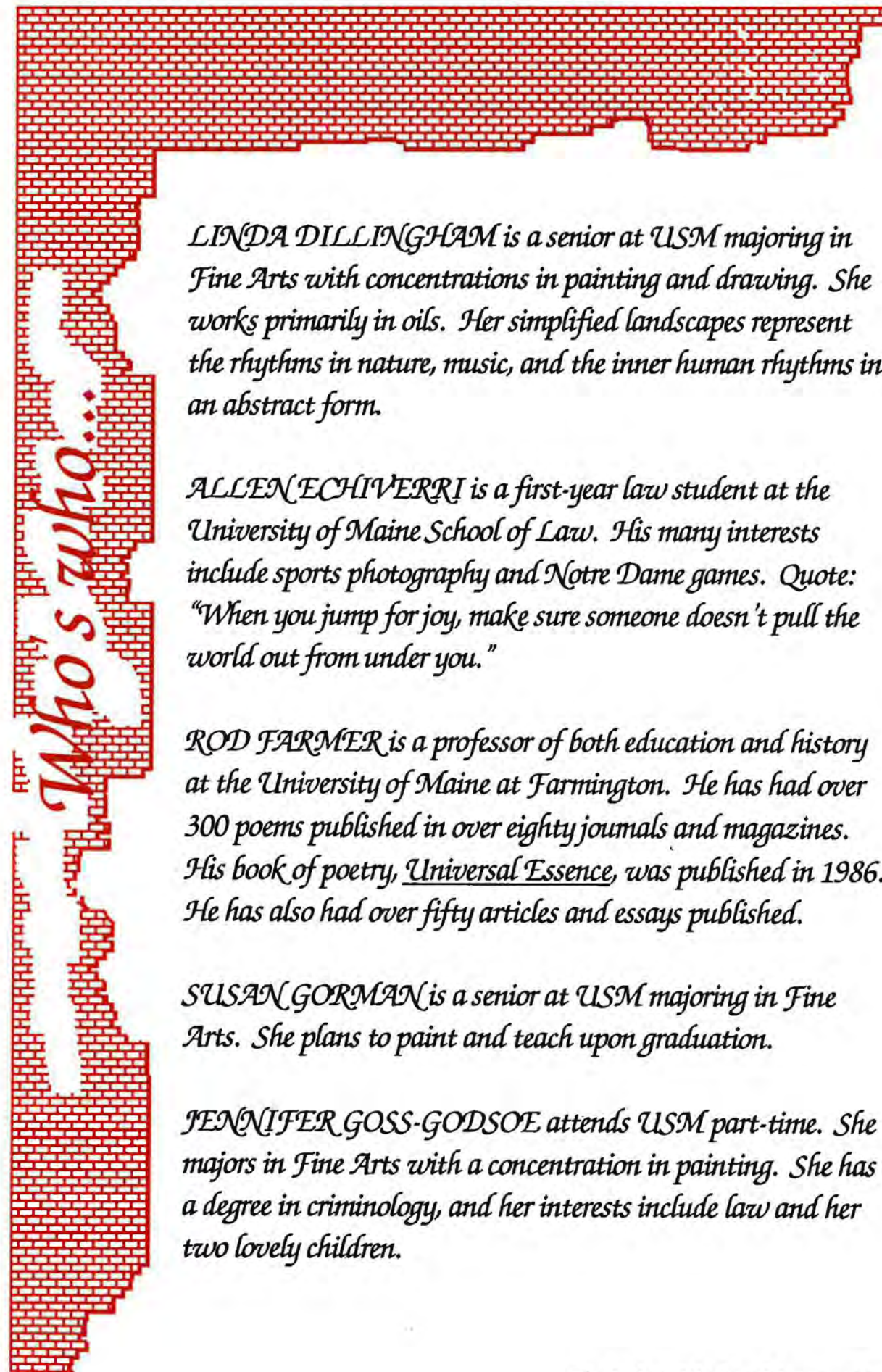
JANICE BOUTHOT is a senior at USM majoring in Fine Arts with a concentration in painting. She won an award for Outstanding Painting Student from the Art Department. Her work has been seen at Maine Coast Artists.

BERTELLE BROOKING is a student at USM majoring in Fine Arts. She lives in Cape Elizabeth, ME.

DEBRA CLUFF is a student at USM majoring in Fine Arts. She lives in Alfred, ME.

ADAM CROCKER is a student at USM who lives in Gorham.

RAYMOND CULLINS is a senior at USM majoring in Fine Arts with a concentration in painting. He earned the 1990 Scholastic, Inc. Award of Excellence in printmaking. His biggest interest is his wife Maria.



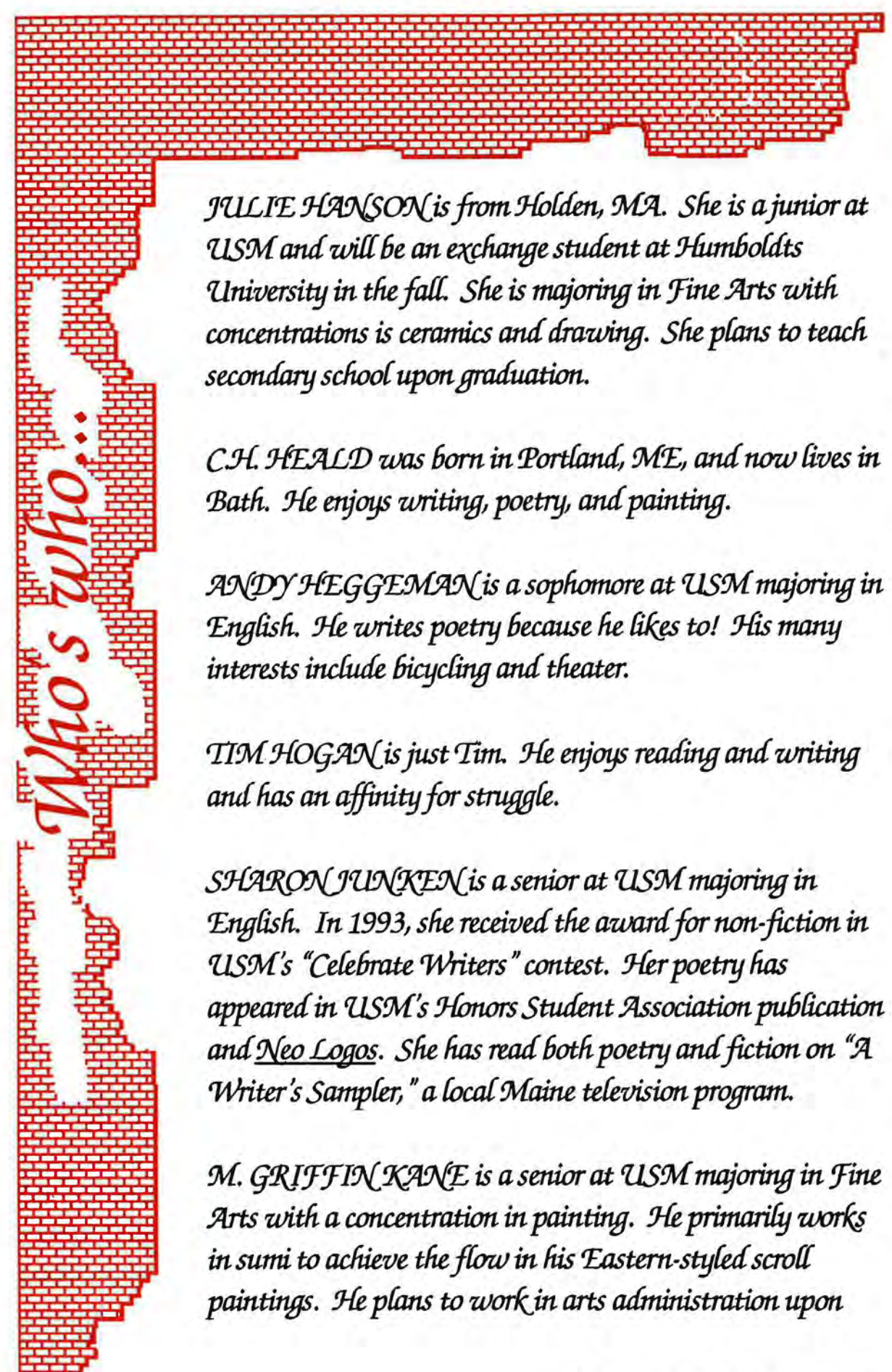
LINDA DILLINGHAM is a senior at USM majoring in Fine Arts with concentrations in painting and drawing. She works primarily in oils. Her simplified landscapes represent the rhythms in nature, music, and the inner human rhythms in an abstract form.

ALLEN ECHIVERRI is a first-year law student at the University of Maine School of Law. His many interests include sports photography and Notre Dame games. Quote: "When you jump for joy, make sure someone doesn't pull the world out from under you."

ROD FARMER is a professor of both education and history at the University of Maine at Farmington. He has had over 300 poems published in over eighty journals and magazines. His book of poetry, *Universal Essence*, was published in 1986. He has also had over fifty articles and essays published.

SUSAN GORMAN is a senior at USM majoring in Fine Arts. She plans to paint and teach upon graduation.

JENNIFER GOSS-GODSOE attends USM part-time. She majors in Fine Arts with a concentration in painting. She has a degree in criminology, and her interests include law and her two lovely children.



JULIE HANSON is from Holden, MA. She is a junior at USM and will be an exchange student at Humboldt's University in the fall. She is majoring in Fine Arts with concentrations in ceramics and drawing. She plans to teach secondary school upon graduation.

C.H. HEALD was born in Portland, ME, and now lives in Bath. He enjoys writing, poetry, and painting.

ANDY HEGGEMAN is a sophomore at USM majoring in English. He writes poetry because he likes to! His many interests include bicycling and theater.

TIM HOGAN is just Tim. He enjoys reading and writing and has an affinity for struggle.

SHARON JUNKEN is a senior at USM majoring in English. In 1993, she received the award for non-fiction in USM's "Celebrate Writers" contest. Her poetry has appeared in USM's Honors Student Association publication and *Neo Logos*. She has read both poetry and fiction on "A Writer's Sampler," a local Maine television program.

M. GRIFFIN KANE is a senior at USM majoring in Fine Arts with a concentration in painting. He primarily works in sumi to achieve the flow in his Eastern-styled scroll paintings. He plans to work in arts administration upon

graduation. His many interests include Eastern philosophy and politics.

TAMA SILVERSTEIN LOUDEN lives in Portland, ME. Her work has been seen at the Seaman's Club, Chamber of Commerce and the Chocolate Church Gallery in Bath.

MARY MELDRUM is a junior at USM majoring in Fine Arts. Her concentration is photography and ceramics.

LEE MIDDENKAUFF is a sophomore at USM majoring in Fine Arts. One of his interests is collecting unique toys.

SHONNA MILLIKEN is a junior at USM majoring in English. She recently spent a semester in England and plans on traveling abroad upon graduation with Gypsy and Barnardo.

SUZANNE PENDLETON lives in Windham, ME. She is a junior at USM majoring in Fine Arts with a concentration in ceramics. She plans to go to graduate school in the southwest then pursue a career in studio art.

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JULIE RUSSELL is a Maine native majoring in English at USM. Among Julie's many interests is taking long nature walks.

JUDITH SANDS is a third semester English major at USM. Quote: "My life is food for poetry, and poetry is food for my life, and I'm not sure if I'm at the top or bottom of this food chain."

ADAM STOCKMAN is a student at USM majoring in philosophy. He is a member of the Honors Program.

ANDREA TWIGG is a student at USM majoring in Fine Arts. Her interests include hiking.

